

Anti-Prophesies

A Codex of Post-NeoAbsurdist Prophecy
Poems, A.Da. 86-94

Prophesies from

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On Prophecy and Anti-Prophecy

Olchar E. Lindsann

It was fore-ordained that Post-NeoAbsurdism would re-echo with prophecy.

In November of 1925 (A.Da. 9), the ex-Dada Bruno Franklyn closed his founding protopostneoabsurdist manifesto with the assertion that the project he was setting into motion would see its decisive phase begin in 1999; it is unknown whether he was aware of the proclamation made by his fellow ex-Dada, the Serbo-Croatian avant-gardist Dragan Aleksic, who had in October of 1922 (A.Da. 6) declared Dada dead until it would be resurrected in 1999. The early Post-NeoAbsurdist, unaware of this confluence of prophecy when our activities began in A.Da. 83-84 (A.D. 1999-2000), were by A.Da. 86 (A.D. 2002) aware of this coincidental inheritance. This community thus has a uniquely atavistic impulse toward prophecy—or, more properly of course, anti-prophecy.

Since that time, anti-prophecies have proliferated within the Post-Neo community, appearing scattered and piecemeal in a number of forms and modes in journals, anthologies, books, exhibitions, and larger pieces. The anti-prophecy has become an enduring Post-Neo microform, and like the Meat Poem, the List Poem, the Slintet, the Profanity Poem, the Anti-Manifesto, the talismanic word, and many others it has developed into a kind of hermetic discourse of its own, around which is organized a discreet micro-community of Post-Neo anti-prophets. This book brings together anti-prophecies from across nearly a decade of Post-Neo activity, drawn from the Post-NeoAbsurdist archive.

* * *

There is something alchemical about prophesy, a sense in which all prophesy is also anti-prophesy. Prophesy is the use of words to dissolve and reconstitute Time. Prophesy collapses time— particularly historical time, time as experienced by cultures and societies but exceeding subjectivity and individual life—and attempts to rejoin it. Prophesy establishes new points of connection, of circulation, of possible passage and intercourse between the present, the past, and potential futures. Time is negated and transcended through prophesy; it is a divinely dialectical process.

It should be stressed that prophesy is not, therefore, a practice exclusively oriented toward the future. The future is only one term of the prophetic movement, and since (being unknown) it is the most exotic to us, we tend to think of prophesy as 'telling the future'. On examination, this has only occasionally been the case. Blake's prophetic books treat mainly with an ancient (though non-ontological) past, injecting *into* it the shadow of an impossible future; the Greek oracles did not tell the future, but offered (paradoxical) council; Hebrew millenarian prophesies were manifestos rooted in events and struggles of their present; the book of Revelations treats of the future only when read from a singularly unimaginative hermeneutic perspective. Pretensions toward divination always betray a wrong-headed approach to a technique or frame of thought; to relegate prophesy to foretelling newspaper headlines is as culpable as relegating the book of the Tarot to predicting job promotions.

Admittedly, some prophesies do approach uncannily near some mark. In A.D. 88 (A.D. 2004) Megan Blafas published in the Post-Neo journal *The Appropriated Press* a prophetic picture with the caption: "Prophesy: Happy Smiley Face Angel shall smote meat upon thy

pedestal with fury and a hammer." Over a year later, this deceptively flippant little proclamation saw itself phenomenally fulfilled at the Bearded Synapse Cabaret when Bradley Chriss performed the first Meat Poem, which quickly became one of the most perennially popular Post-Neo micro-forms; to be sure this is more specifically *accurate*, within its circuit, than anything by Nostradamus. The twin prophesies of Franklyn and Aleksic have already been mentioned. Yet all such concurrences might be more fruitfully approached as a meeting of prophesy with the Objective Chance of the Surrealists; such occurrences are significant exceptions, with the character of clinamen.

The future is *fundamentally* unknown. Its radically unknown nature, joined paradoxically with an undeniable imminence, is its defining attribute. We can recognise the future *as such* only by way of this imminence of the *unknowable development*, and it is to this condition that prophesy responds. It does not *dispel* the unknowability of the future—that process is known as *living*, and turns future into past through the constant erosion of that non-entity, the *present*. Rather, prophesy is thrown out from its present *toward* the future, it goes *out there* to meet it, and prepares the way for life to follow; it is a kind of advance-guard.

Prophesy is not a light dispelling the darkness of the imminent, the yet-to-come; rather, it is an agent which prepares both the means of that future's coming-into-Being and our own capacity to meet it, a speculative charting of the darkness. The prophesy establishes itself in some part of that as-yet undifferentiated field of potential; it surveys the lay of one potential future, divides one dynamic from another, sketching a theme here, sketching an impasse there. The unknown remains

unknown; but as the imminent blossoms into an actuality with which we must contend, we will have oriented ourselves toward it, and shall find handholds as we come to grapple with what we find there.

More simply put, prophecy does not attempt to tell us the future; rather it exhorts us to *think toward it*. It is our cultural organ of extension into whatever cannot be known: that on the cultural, psychological, semiotic, and material registers; future, past, and in particular the present which, always in motion as Bergson articulates, is never at any point *itself*. The future is everything that we can neither know nor escape. It is thus that so many of Blake's prophecies, such as *Milton* or *America*, took the form of visionary *histories*; the future they worked toward was not temporal, or was temporal only secondarily; it was, fundamentally, epistemological, in a space where future and past are intermingled and both are equally re-formed by the the prophetic vocation. Prophecy establishes new frameworks of thought into which futures can grow, through which we can usher our futures responsibly into the world, or through which we can grow into our futures.

This is why the Delphic oracles spoke in riddles, and why their questioners, like Croesus, so often went blithely toward destruction. They went for advice; they asked about possible futures; they received not answers, but texts demanding ambiguous responses. The *art* of hermeneutics finds one origin in the interpretation of prophecy. The oracle did not tell Croesus his future, either explicitly or in code; the questioner did not 'misread' a future encoded there. The oracle produced a framework through which the future might be thought, Croesus misused this sensitive tool, and together, notwithstanding, they did produce a future. A throw of the dice will never abolish chance.

So much for fortune-telling.

Prophecy can therefore never be 'true,' 'correct', it will always be mis-registered when overlaid upon any future which has *come to pass*. Because prophecy also *protects* the future as such; when known, when come to pass, a future has become a *past*. What is treated in prophecy is not an incidental future, which may one day be known; it is the future *as such*. Prophecy ensures that the future will remain the future, always beyond reach of comprehension. *Its* future is always *our* future. Any utterance capable of 'coming true' is not prophecy, for it leaves the *structure* of time untouched and unquestioned; it is a mere *prediction*.

Judeo-Christian prophecy has almost always been oriented, in its initial writing, toward immediate goals of some present moment: supporting a rebellion against a particular imperial power, cementing institutional control in the struggle over acquired power, turning cultural myth against some group to be ostracised or destroyed. Yet we do not read Revelations now and evaluate its *accuracy* concerning the politics or fate of the Roman Empire (and the 'church fathers', as it turned out, were in fact more concerned with seizing control of the Empire than with seeing it punished or destroyed). This and related millenarian prophecies live instead in relation to a future *as* future, a future always unknowable and always in advance of any present one wants to choose.

This dynamic reveals a strange bifurcation regarding the relationship of prophecy to power. At its root it is a form of power, to the degree that it is able to act. Nothing capable of change is devoid of power. Yet the dissolving power of prophecy is equal and complimentary to its power to consolidate. When prophecy was used to establish

Christian Empire, it did so through dissolving the Old Empire; its corrosive power continued to do its work, turned on those who had misused it, it was named Heresy and wars were launched to exterminate it. To institute a status quo is to deny the future; and prophesy insists upon creating futures. It is Power facing its own hopelessness, and it is within the future—that inaccessible imminence—that it locates a space in which to be perpetually reborn. Hence prophesy does not express, nor embody, nor grant, power over the future; but rather inflects, through the intervention of something fundamentally other than power, the process and experience of the future's unfolding, something which acts as a guide but disintegrates at the touch, always evading arrival.

It is this which so many monarchs and heroes failed to understand as they marched away from the Oracles, leaving behind them enough offerings and gifts to support a small city-state, smiling toward their doom. The texts of the Greek Oracles were linguistic traps for kings; prophesies hinged on linguistic slippages and evasions. A turn of grammar, an ambiguous predicate, a symbol ripe for lazy interpretation: all were all crafted in such a way as to catch in myriad ways upon the unfolding of a future, to make its potential developments and significations legible to those who were attentive and clever. If one failed in this meditation, one might lose; but the prophesy itself would always win, the future draped over its armature.

In this context one might consider the seminal texts which have come to be known within PNA as the Montana Prophecies. In A.Da. 87 (A.D. 2003), Bradley Chriss and later other Post-Neos began receiving erratic and intermittent packets of hand-written prophesies, always without return address, posted from various places in Montana. Strewn

with references to The Anti-, scatological bursts of aggressivity and violence, a dense repetition of themes and words, and the impending appearance of the Earth-Belly Horse-Tooth God, the prophets seem to consider themselves a Post-NeoAbsurdist group, though communication has never exceeded these inexplicable mailings, nor has return communication been possible.

Faced with these texts, some Post-Neos began expanding upon this corpus, adopting to various degrees its language and themes, and expanding the mythological framework of the Anti-Prophesies; Chriss's entire poetic is fundamentally infused with that of the Montana texts. Soon Anti-Prophesies and prophetic poems obviously in dialogue with the Montana Prophesies began to appear in the *Appropriated Press* and later *Synapse*; in the *Myth: Digestion and Renewal* project; in blogs and comments on social networking sites; in performance poems, rituals, and plays. In A.Da.93 (A.D. 2009) Chriss painted a series of 53 apocalyptic prophesies in watercolour, echoing and further expanding the thematics and iconography of the Anti-Prophesies.

The Horse-Tooth-God was soon joined by a pantheon of homunculi, mud-people, gargoyles, hermaphrodites, lepers, salamanders, and cthulic squid. For those involved with Anti-Prophesy, each new prophesy was part of a hermetic discourse, and an interpersonal conversation; mythic figures, key words, rhythmic and grammatical structures migrated between authors and took on new attributes as they re-appeared, always carrying the history of their development with them. Within this micro-community a shadowy and fractured mythos has begun its development.

Prophesy grows meanings like fruits; at utterance or inscription it

means nothing, less than nothing: it *demand*s meaning. As a future unfolds, events fill out the prophesy, fertilize the unopened germs of meaning waiting within it, which bloom into flowers and fruits of meaning as time passes. And as time passes they turn into pasts and fall to rot, replaced by others. Hence prophesy acts as an instrument of cultural renewal; Hebrew, Christian, and heretical prophesy tends to appear in relation to social upheaval, impending or under contention. It posits new myths, new forms of abstraction through which to think toward change, new symbols and new mnemonics appropriate to an immanent future, a historical or epistemological condition just beyond the verge of thought.

It is thus that Blake stirred up the ashes of older prophetic mythologies—Jehovah, Satan, Christ, the demons of Revelations and the angels of Swedenborg—and conjured from them the visionary pantheon of Los, of Enitharman, of Ahania, of Urizon. It is thus also that in the visionary mythos pictured forth in the bulk of the Anti-Prophesies, we find distorted images of the prophetic inheritance, the past re-injected with the future, the future penetrated with the past: echoes of the Hermetic Androgyne, the cabbalistic Homunculus, Lovecraftian gods, the Alchemical Marriage, the Biblical leper, the Doom of Revelations.

This Post-Neo Anti-mythos is decidedly apocalyptic. Apparently devoid of hope and unrelentingly stark, it is brutal, inexorable, populated by strange and isolated demigods perpetually in various forms of decay. It seems thickly sprinkled by isolated scenes of death, so many grotesque pietas, separated by expanses of waste and rumours of impending pestilence; the whole infused with bursting undercurrents of cruelty, absurdity, sexuality, and fear. Blood, mud, rot, meat, and the spectre of

the digestive principle are pervasive; everything tends toward excess.

All prophesy sets itself the task of giving birth to a certain excess of its culture; of opening up a species of hope, love, or despair that exceeds the human, though finding its origin within the human; needling that open space within each of us, so that our desire demands that the prophesy itself must be followed into the regions of the unknown and unformulated: whether a temporal future, a spacial lacuna, or a mystic annihilation of being.

It is notable that to speak of Post-NeoAbsurdist 'Anti-Prophesy' is in many cases to recognise it as a prophesy, and more broadly as a mythos, 'of' the Anti-. This same recognition compels the realization of Anti-Prophesy not only *from*, but most importantly *for* the Post-NeoAbsurdist community itself. Prophesy speaks to its chosen society: the family, the tribe, the nation, the religion, the gender, the language, the army, the city, the household, the world. If what is spoken to hears it, then it has come to exist. To whatever extent Post-NeoAbsurdism tends toward a micro-society, Anti-Prophesy arises from and responds to it, in ways as mystifying and oblique as prophesy must always necessarily be; the mythos that it suggests is a Post-NeoAbsurdist Pantheon.

Within that sub-current of Post-Neo prophesy deriving from the Montana Prophecies, the Anti- figures sometimes as an impending doom, sometimes as an elemental force, sometimes as a kind of deity; it seems to find echoes in the (earth-belly-?)Horsemen of Revelations, in Cthulu, in alchemical Sulphur, in the gnostic Demiurgos. To the Anti- is added other Phonemes-turned-entities: the Pillarpit hides, a fabled and only fleetingly-glanced thing; the Un- pursues its own ambiguous goals across

the same desolated terrain, while a composite entity known in various configurations as the He(she), I/Them/Us, ehsehyeht seems omnipresent, in countless forms and contexts. These Word-entities seem reminiscent of enzymes, swarms of corrosive action, continually destroying what is being forever formed. Where they appear, things collapse or implode. The Anti- and the Un- also sometimes conjoin as the Unanti or Antium, with a variant, theun. The permutations go on. And each of these word-things has a double, the word-thing spelled backward and thus turned inside-out, haunting the landscape in which these Prophecies unfold: *itnA-nuehT*, *itnA-nuehT*. Linguistic homunculi who seem always to be shedding mud, perpetuating in this mythically embodied form the tendency of language, like that of matter, to fall apart, atomize, and reconstitute itself as something Other, still holding the invisible traces of what it has ceased to be, drawing that past toward this Other future. At times they appear less as mythic figures than as magical words, repeated like ceremonial mantras, rhythms and traces.

Beside these talismanic Words, many of the prophecies pulse with the re-appearance of certain elements and words. As in the esoteric poems of the Symbolists, for whom, when used within the cadences of verse, Green took on its full alchemical (and pataphysical) significance and the word 'azure' veiled the Key of Solomon, colours take on decisive roles. Vermillion in particular exerts a malign influence in this Anti-world, not only in many of the texts but also in Chriss' painted prophecies. Teeth, tongues, eyes, and the sexual organs are omnipresent. Teeth, skin, hair, limbs are constantly shed. In many poems these words, each carrying its own symbolic structure, are set within short, grammatically straightforward sentences, like gems set side by side into

gold fittings, joined discretely beside each other.

As these verbal and grammatical tendencies revealed themselves within the microform, one writer or another would adopt them when composing prophecies, so that the Anti-Prophecy is one social space in which several individuals' techniques and sensibilities have come into new relationships with each other, in a stylistic parallel of Neoist heteronyms. This results in a Prophetic Mode or mindset peculiar to Post-Neo prophecy, or one strand of it. The Anti-Prophet steps into this cognitive mode by clothing themselves in a linguistic garment not designed primarily for themselves; they are taking on a *role* in which they participate but whose character *and knowledge* exceed their own.

There is the seed of a shamanic potential planted here.

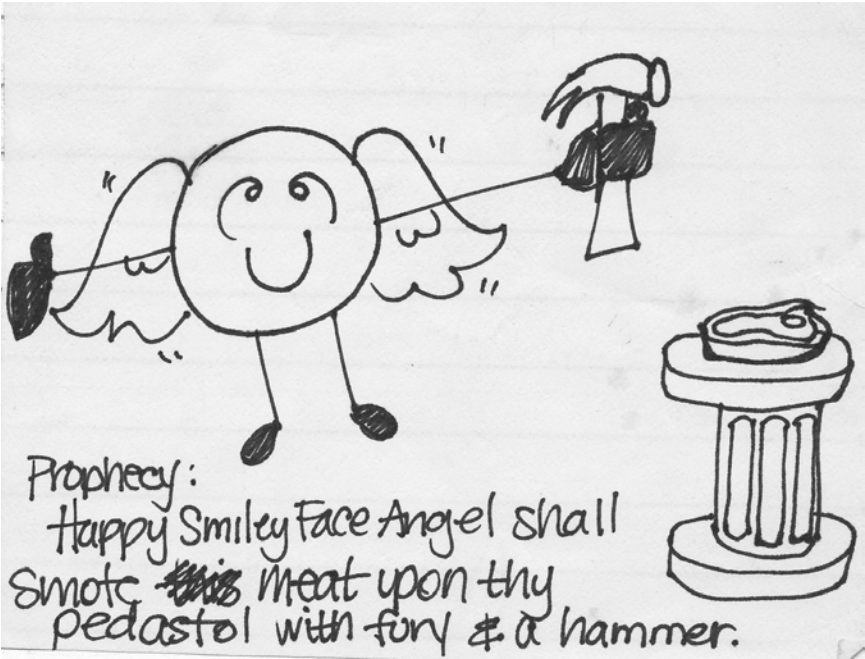
The Anti- is, it would seem, always *out there*, just beyond the horizon; and when it does arrive, it is accompanied by fear and dissolution. In none of the Anti-Prophecies so far produced is there any hint of a millennial reward, a heavenly or earthly paradise; no King of Life to be crowned, no benevolence to be shed upon us. There is no utopia any of these prophecies, perhaps because PNA itself tends toward its own absurd utopia, which the Anti- must dissolve in turn: the corrosive Anti-Prophecy, chewing at the creative Anti-Life, diastole and systole. In any event, the Anti-Prophecies vision forth a future which we can neither desire nor deny, and this irresolution compels action; there is no allowance made for any passive response, to simply await such a 'future'. We must march into it, infused with intention and aware of its futility, prepared by this foreknowledge to encounter everything that we have failed to foresee.

The Anti-Prophesies

7. The Self Fulfilling Prophecy

And Art shall die and lie buried though many shall assert that it liveth yet, for the reason that it continues to grow. But a Hope shall survive, fostered by those of the less-than-catholic faith of protopostneoabsurdism. And some shall come who say, lo, we may yet escape this curse of rational impasse, yea and logical self-congratulatory inertia. And they shall be shunned and many die in shame, yet some shall there be who shall live to see that the Artistic Apocalypse is indeed upon us, and who shall be the deliverers from the dictatorship of reasoned ideology. The year shall be nineteen hundred and ninety nine, and the deliverers shall descend chiefly from the North, and they shall be called the post
neo **absurdists**

by Bruno Franklyn, Nov. 1925



Prophecy:
Happy Smiley Face Angel shall
smote ~~this~~ meat upon thy
pedastol with fury & a hammer.

Megan Blafas

Anti-Prophesy

the cave where the suomafmi crab dragged itself to die
simmers the seaweed slips its tongues around the screaming polypi
and the water squelches it is elastic like the abdomen of the subtle octopus
and the great squid
ink coursing from its eyes like tears of rage
like delicately twisting clouds of oracular malediction
turns over
shattering the waves with its clacking beak with its straining arms like a flower
choking the shore with ink
with a forward dragging wet of the scrape of scales on the stone

-Oldar E. Lindsann

FIVE

avalanche oceans receptacle
at the center of proportional
birds vein customary pebbles
as you are thinking about it
it rises and fails in a rhythm
of eaten design venom forms.

disappointment awaits
the weary optimist on
his eyes advertisement:
buy one freedom get
another freedom free.

full simple endless embrace.
visions cells and pleasures
eat. sweat the details doom.

-Jim Leftwich

DEAR montana,

Behold!

I cannot utter anti. vider. I spoke to the snails
whom spoke of these things: He(he) rides again.

I am sailing into it, I have only small fees now
I wish that the snails imparted some absence. some

(un) sense in for it is the anti of the anti.

There slave was majestic. I saw her(him) in it.

(s)he rode upon and under the horse! **THE HORSE!**
words and on words came rolling and unfolding

Revealing unness and antiun. I saw a bed
built of teeth and tongues, The pillow was breathing
and soft words it unAntied. Under Under under my
boat I hear Herim under under **on THE HORSE**
I sail - they ride tide wide. Always underneath the
herim and the horse. The horse is dead. The horse
swallowed the earth. Herim who is born from unbelly
rides, **THE HORSE!**

soon
so soon
soon
so

from the Montana group

Some Things that are Said of the Earth-belly Horse-tooth God

as recorded by Olchar E. Lindsann

It is said that the most terrible thing about the Earth Belly Horse Tooth God is that everyone knows where it is going. It roams mercilessly and inexorably over the land, trampling everything underfoot, and spreading horror everywhere it goes.

The Earth Belly Horse Tooth God is born of the mud, it is vomited up from the dry earth. It is said to happen in this way: The stomache of the earth appears one dark night when the moon is dead. This gelatinous organ of mud is spread squat on the surface of the earth; various channels and nerves branch from it and disappear in mud. Then one day the Anti- is unburied and falls from a cloud, and this stomach hatches like an egg, its acidic walls chipping away; out of it, in the yolky placenta of its gastronomic womb, emerges a great horse, as high as four men. But this horse is born into the world already dead, he is a huge mass of pungent flesh, chalky bone, and dirt-crumbed fur. His glazed and seeping eyes roll wildly, and he is a mindless thing, hunting out human habitations with zealous fury.

The Horse Tooth God can suffer and spread several deaths at once; for it often happens that he appears in many different places, and follows several consistent paths, spreading death around him everywhere he goes. Yet he can never be met with the sight of another corpse of himself; for he is never seen twice at once. Yet wherever he goes, ripping and frothing thick fluid, the Anti- multiplies itself, and many small un-Anti-s rip tiny slashes in the seeping flesh of the air.

The Earth Belly God is rarely belched forth from the earth, and only in times of calamitous destruction. His appearance is a tusk of the grave ripping into the gut of the living world. He eats living men, and their blood and urine leak from him and sink into puddles on the earth. He slices men with the sharp scythes of his hooves, he crushes them in his relentless and wild rage. The hollow clatter of his hooves announces the imminence of the Anti- and the Unanti-. At each exhalation of his shrivelled lungs men and women fall to the ground, convulsing as if they are drowning or mating, their mouths gaping wildly but without sound. And everywhere he goes the vegetation shrivels and falls to dust; and three months later these places are brimmed with white flowers; and then one day these flowers hatch like eggs, and their broken petals reveal tiny homunculi, who build grand and beautiful cities in the fields; and they eat all the crops. And in another season they, too, wither and die. And no one can say what happens after this.

A TRAP

decay collateral smokes risen in chains
practiced debris, so much younger thin
and colder than that noun, stripped at
our turquoise cousins tortured pretends
preteens lathe constructed jesters culled.
who says you can't sputter two objections
in the same palace at the same time? we
felt green squares from an english séance
in the nineteenth century. down the road
come a junko partner, fluorescent thunder
and hugo ball, in strategic urban violence
mobiles, nights darker than weak thought.
in pride jesus marriage gay abortion flags
hospital encounter hunches football enter
june birth bugs control like pianowire traps.

-Jim Leftwich

MONTANA:

Listen up ↑↓!

Theyheshe Are Rolling
into town!

They will eat your heart!

They will eat the dirt OUT
of your heart
your filthy, little, humdrum
heart.

ehsehycht is tearing this place APART!

ehsehycht is bowling us over!

Listen up ↑↓ to unsensenon!

fuck! LISTEN TO ↓ non! sense!

Aw manshe, Awshenon, FUCK!

Listen, Listen. Your brain will unravel,
it will unravel and crawl out of your head.

PRaise ehsehycht!

from the Montana group

It cant help itself but feel sorry for you.
while smoking a suburb, lounging in a city
it reads a newspaper from the future; Headline:
SALAMANDER/PHILISTINE CIVIL WAR CELEBRATES 300
YEARS!

You work in the records office, casualty reports
are shiped to you in hollowed out loaves of
pumpernickle.

It often appears to you in the mornin g after
dreaming of hard tack and ramming rod, it smells
like a basement and feels like walking in on
life itself masterbating.

You sit stowing in the electrologists waiting
room. The white squares of the checkerboard floor
are lava.

Its thousand hands each hold clipboards. Its
tounge, which fits nicely in "Stay the corse",
buds with millions of ball point pens. Its teeth
are \$50 a month with internet and its lips
were chewed off decades ago.

You will help to hoist the steering wheel
onto the mainstay of the absurdist pram (tugboat).
The chalkboards roll on their casters from
starbord to larbord. The crew prepares to repel
boarders, chewed-up masticated words their
primary weapon.

Its fields begin to collapse upon themselves.
The girded glut pastures raized with culture
as fodder. The salamanders warming themselves
in the ashes.

Jeoff Knos

Mud

a raving splash flat on the tarmac
Un-writhing in a trench
with hair writhing like a sunburst calico
anti-dismissed the family cuts its heads off one by one
and plants them
beside the highway
where you hear hooves faintly
nueht anti-type beating like a dirt-drum
the earthworms are squirming in the air they are shrieking with tiny tongues
mud is your father
now give us your skull
we are weary

-Olchar E. Lindjann

The Birth of the Hermaphrodite

-Bradley Chriss

Inverted Birth
slowly drips
into
the pillar pit.

A bundle is unwrapped
by waves
by foam
by froth
and salt.

A million
miniscule
minnows
gently,
gently:
pecking, puckering, tasting and proclaiming:

An unswaddled
HeShe
floating
slipping
along and around
unaware of...

The minnows
glitter
and glide
around the pillars
whispering no disservice
helping
him and her
open his/her eyes.

He/She opens
his/her eyes
and bears witness:
soft light with
dozens of broken pillars
arranged tumbled and tumbling
amidst mudsilt and seaweed
deep in a pit
enveloped by sour salt
suspended
in a mass of green brown murkiness
cooled by indigo
darkness
and depth.

Hail the Inverted Birth!

finally both

from **The Epic of Gracklefaffin**

-Aaron Andrews & Olchar Lindsann

I

Gracklefaffin splits the sky.
enter stage left with tip, no cheque
he has rickets. we all have rickets.
somewhere the sky has a persistent rash.
the waitress sashays past & tongues her teeth.
lima, peru sags in a wet paper towel.
there are small llamas in its creases.
tiny temples peeking from in between the breadcrumbs.
trisaccharides revolt; glucose marches on the bread box.
in the meadow lands an ant colony catches wind.
gracklefaffin is laying down narrow spindles of crystals like roads
he is adamant that a catastrophe must occur
a phalanx of ants shroud hope's last whisper in a kit-kat
while their queen sups on captives from neighbouring hills

remorseless like a triumphant colon
the colony's puckered mouth squeezes out the dead
compost piles soar a toe nail clipping high
below an antenna quivers in the shit & carrion
it is the wind or a living nerve end.
the waitress dabs her lips.
seeping onions bound to gaping wounds under its wings
gracklefaffin lights clumsily on a roof top gargoyle.
The gob of spit he drops sails slantwise.
It rips the skull-seams of a salesman below.
the shyster whips out his handy, straining to recall his plutonium card
digits.
blocks of hard tack encase his penny loafers.
He has forgotten where he hid the hydrogen lasagne
His whole day is quickly falling to shit.

order up!
cheap flat wear skids to a stop on lime green formica.
crushed ants form vague patterns on the soles.
Only the floor can see them.

cowardice breaks out though their ranks all the way back to the queen,
the heifer moans brushing grease from her mandibles
she is trembling like an eyelash or a hippo's gullet
she is licking the last bits of sugar and she screams
"00100100, 00100100, 00100100, 00100100, 00100100"
a disco ball descends while dry ice clouds the tunnels.
the ants are bigger now and they are PISSED.
their gnashing mandibles scatter limbs through the smoke.
citizens clinging to analogues slide down quake rivers
there is a red sameness in their faces
their expressions are pixilated
as they cram their gobs with sugar salivating for their deaths

toxin rich saliva stains a marble demi-god
gracklefaffin rears upward croaking flatly
his tongue wagging like a spleen in the wind
his eyes rolled backward gripped by pulsing veins
squatting with arms, wings & abdominal-oral tentacles akimbo
he looses a deafening B.M. tantamount to the seven thunders
of babylon and south dakota and the empty space near your nasal cavity
His suckers caress the tunnel's trembling sides
somewhen tablet V of the enuma elishe cracks and is rewritten
cracks in nearby buildings deepen forming nebulas piercing voids
cracks contagion staring lashing but nothing
collapsing skeletons scaffolds sugar blood

the lunch rush is over.

"Thank MOT" sighs the waitress, sinking onto the counter & lighting a fag
the adrenaline sinks to her stomach and then her groin
tobacco-incense drifting through the soot of her lungs.
the ever dwindling half life of a head rush licks her neurons
she bends down and inspects a 7 inch gash on her leg sealed with the
heads of 6 ants.

"Still, it's better than last week," she mutters.

A tinny groan wafts up from the ruined temples.

lemon zest spatter on their legs our phalanx peers skyward to see
decapitated sisters on display in a dripping wound.

"Never again" they murmur, mandibles clicking, antennae like brandished
blades.

A buzz of thought stands hairs on end throughout the brooding legion:
earth bound mouths & assholes pucker & spit in concentric waves.
the waitress puts out the loosie on one of her sensible heels.

It's a start. But a clicking swarm like a volcano
is swirling at her feet, climbing higher like a babel of cold eyes,
simple syrup slinks up her stockings shaping a squamous shell over the
slithering slit.
breaking out, she makes for a front door, swarms pool at her every step in
anticipation.
a wave of crunches paves her way. Her skin
is dancing with legs like miniscule pipe-cleaners
she remembers rolling down hills all day, the jiggers & tub of calamine.
dayz by morpheus, bled by blood sugar sucking ants she falls face first
through the diner door
an insectine pillow cushions her fall.
Her scream is a swarm of mandibles dry inside her mouth like brown and
rustling leaves
"rot with terror, rot with pain, rot with insect, rot with me"
she does not see tentacles lowering round her
frothing maw
she does not see the tentacles inching up her de-scabbed legs
with a blur and a snap it is over.
she is pulled up.
Three more hours on her shift.
Her skinned hands tremble as she lights up again.

all black now, save for a glowing cherry keeping vigil by her cheek
a warm wetness pulsates about her legs and up the small of her back
the smoke in her lungs prevents her body from imploding.
the gentleman in the corner wants a cherry pie.
the wetness ascends and put out the ember on her brow.

splat, alone, cold, blind, slip, splat, sore, grime, drips.

3:45 PM.

bruise, heavy, limping like roadkill, may I help you, spasm, hack.

falling , splat, sound of running water, slip, splash, crack.

4:59 PM.

groan, rattle, wince, heave, sob, choke, flush, hoarse

5:00 "See you tomorrow Dolores" crawl stand shake. Gracklefaffin has
returned.

6:15 PM.

late, probably fired, tunnel forever, searing white and voices.

Day 2: The sidewalk sizzles like a fevered tongue
the bees know they are dying
stingers twitching, dry humping blistered peruvian viscera.
children jump in the piles & see how many they can fit in their mouths.
Their tongues and cheeks full of bristling stingers are narcotic thickets,
the children's brains buzz with the dying visions of shuddering bees

Day 5: a handful of children wake & crawl for the shade
waves of delirium course their veins while their stomachs roll over & eat
themselves.
the gorge rising in their throats tastes like candy.
Is that the sound of acidic autodigestion, or is it Gracklefaffin laughing?
blinding white, cut through center with a black flash
the children close their eyes spiralling in themselves.
their greedy stomachs clawing in their flesh blood bones thoughts
air cloth space churning selves seconds minutes teeth
gripping sweat release doldrums sugar lips low
visions come: a beak, a tongue, eyes within eyes in wingings within
wingings, suckers
quivering in moist frenzy, warm breath
with the scent of scent of meat and the sweat of ants—
apparently immune to the plague three charred children stagger up on
blistered feet & are swallowed by the jungle
six birds ejaculate into the air as the teeth of leaves muffle their cries
three are dead within seconds, plummeting back to the canopy like falling
foetid stars.

The sun spins into itself. 3 million days of darkness.
will arrive under the hooves of rotted earth belly horse.
We shall choke on the mane. Oh, horse god your rotted
tongue brings forth sweet worded scent that drapes
the world in darkness. A night cloak for our conscious
mind. We are bringing an end to all of this. Ten thousand
tongues praying means nothing new. We shall chew on
the hearts of all people and build their hearts anew with
the words of the dying (life) horse god. make peace with
the death of the new. Take comfort within the rotted earth
belly for it lies but steps in front of you.

from the Montana group

Anti-Prophecy

the squid spread its arms like tapeworms across the sky
its slime smeared the clouds like grease on glass
the birds were smashed like gnats
the squid ejaculated
ink into the sky it turned purple like a pool of gangrene
the squid pulsed like a deflated heart
the people gasped and flailed about like clowns
the lepers' skins lifted off like whirlwinds
the squid skewered itself on and in the pillarpit
the people were bloated with air
they turned ochre
then pale
then vermillion
then purple

the squid waved its arms like tapeworms across the sky

-Olchar E. Lindmann

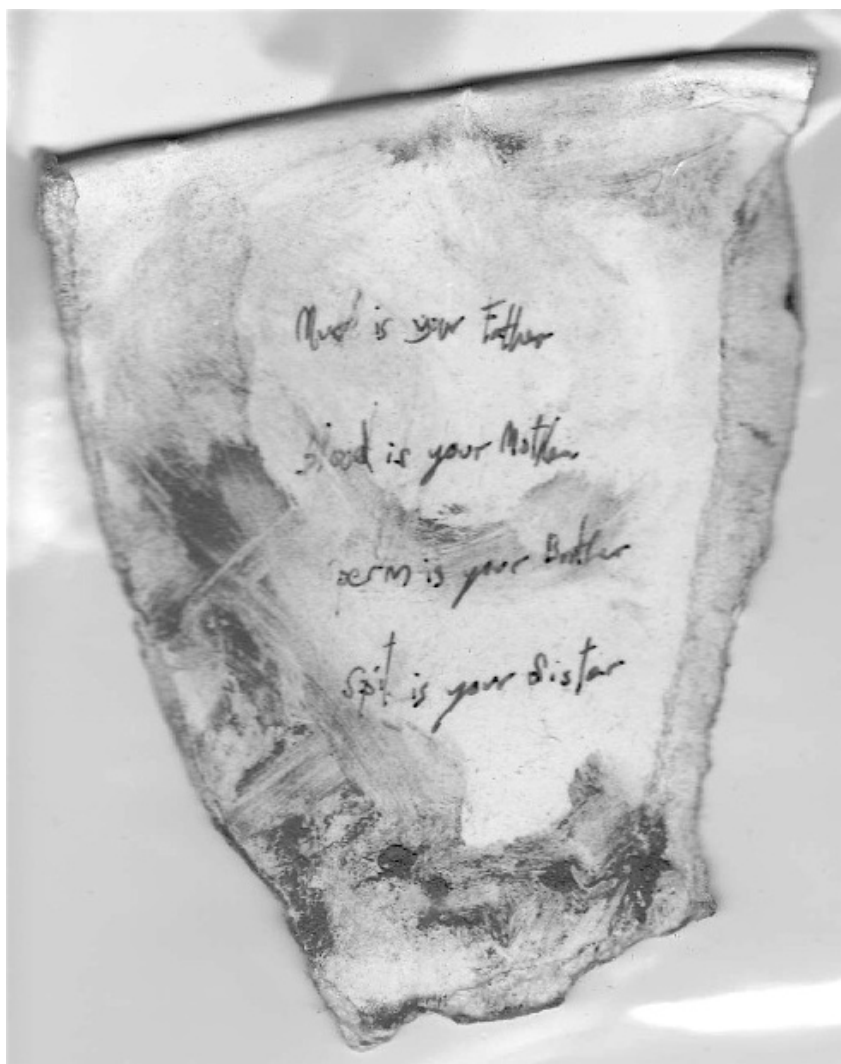
We have cum.

The world thought we were false. And we are. The world thought we were full of shit, and we are. We ride like 10,000 horsemen of the Apocalypse. Clouds weep with our virility. Both sexes are crippled. The oceans are filled with dead horses now. Banality once carefully stitched the clothes of our hearts and genitals, but no longer. The enlightenment will choke on our cocks. All modernists will die. Our feet are covered in flame. All that was held sane shall be trampled and we will eat the Ashes and crap the new hearts of humanity.

(Anonymous- translated from the Swedish by Harb Crisds. Original unexplained, unidentified, unpostmarked. -AntiEd.)

Humanity lies sleeping in a field of dry old horse teeth. We have come to wake them (us). Their (our) task then is to gild the teeth in gold. They (we) must then gouge out their eyes and replace them with the teeth. Only then may we find the grass beneath.

(Anonymous- translated from the Swedish by Harb Crisds.)



**found written on inside of a paper cup on the windshield
of Olchar E. Lindsann's car in Western Pennsylvania.**

from **The Children's Crusade**

-Olchar E. Lindsann

Listen to the prophesies of the buboes on my heart
for they winked at me and smiled
black death caressing my aorta with virginal timidity:

awake!

dance on your graves
they await you like thieves secreted in the shadows of the meat
they dream of you with the constancy of a corduroy lover
they are wistful and gentle and will steal everything you love

for the first bubo opened its eyes, and shouted:

They found him scratching stumps in caves, keening wild orgies in the air and clotted platelets lumped on stone. He bashed himself against the wall, rolled his eyes and his twelve pupils. They bound his paper limbs in lead and hung him above every door. And as they passed in and out, many stopped, and wondered at the blood splashed upon them from his raving limbs. They marvelled at his beauty, as his savage threats chewed the air and as he pissed on their upturned foreheads. The sheep and the cattle travelled leagues to every door, and stood sagely, silent in adoration. Still he twisted, he cursed them until his teeth bled, and their wool grew sodden with gore.

and the second bubo unlocked its toothcuffs, and announced:

They found her drowning in the kitchen sink, a child with tears of honey streaming from her fingertips. They caught her up, howling with purple anguish, and fed her on compasses and foreign words. She screamed in many withered tongues, spinning violently and gnashing at their fawning hands and noses. Hemlock grew from her navel. At last she grasped a club of bone, a spike of ice, and dragging her torso to the lintel, drove ice through her chest into the door. And she hung suspended, blood melting her pinion. Her skin, the colour of teeth, was smeared with the juice of her lungs. And the people smiled and adored her.

and the third bubo writhed in its passion, and cried:

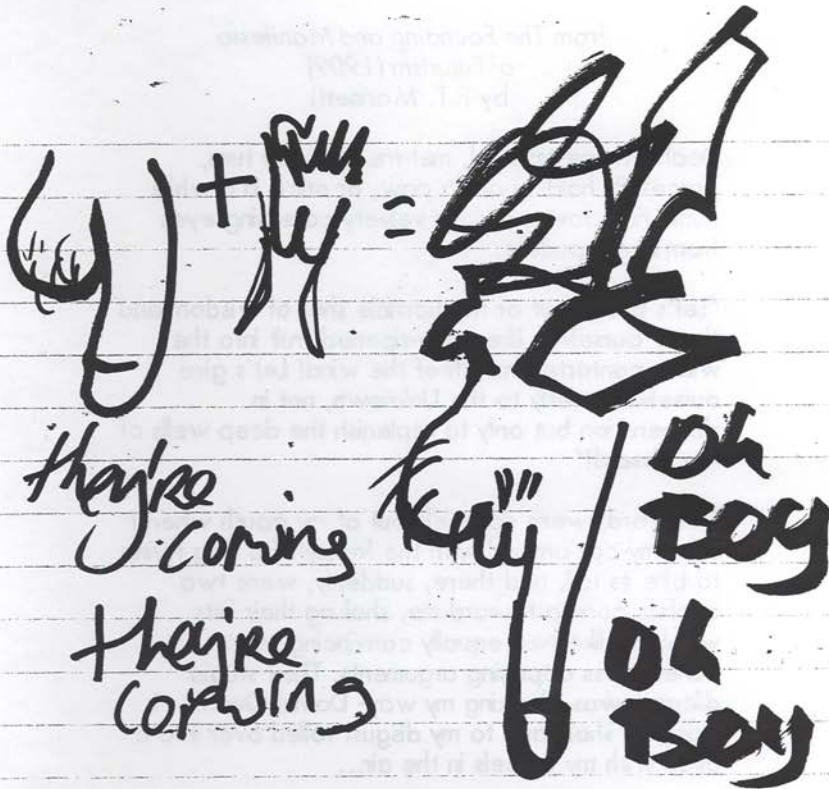
They found her crouching in the shadows, cradling her eyeballs in her palms and whispering minutely to the pupils, caressing them with her tongue. And endlessly she pinched her flesh, licked the salt from her earlobes. At night she wandered the streets, smashing the windows and jutting them between her lids, sinking them in her seeping gums. She shifted the plates of her skull, grinding them to dust upon each other. And all who heard this grating, like the grating of the earth, raised up their eyes to the coils of their brains and were astounded. And all who heard this scraping, like the scraping of gritted glass, gathered together, and lifting the emperor from his holy unicycle, tore him limb from limb, and carried him to her in great pomp, and slit him from clavicle to pelvis to let his organs breathe anew. She buried her windows in his spleen and saw there gleam a pearl.

and the fourth bubo arched ecstatically, and exclaimed:

They found him crushed beneath four years of meat and metal, choked on his brothers' gristle. Each of his sixteen tongues drew strange figures in the air, waving like leeches in the river's bed. Often he convulsed with pitiable screams that wore the waistcoats of giggles, and vomited piles of ink and paper, of boots and toilets and boarding-passes; and the words of his bile were lawless, and were accused of many crimes. And all shuddered, and turned him away from them, and he wandered far, levelling many things as he quenched his sixteen appetites. Yet many scholars gathered up the trails of his bile, and built from it a temple filled with gold and jewels. Long he crouched in its shadow, cupping his vomit in his hands, feeding on it himself, so none might do it any more dishonour. And he glared, and in sixteen languages swore that the temple would fall, that he would devour all inside.

and a fifth bubo plucked out its fifty-seven eyes, and shrieked:

When shall you be found? For you too are bound in cords of blisters. The seas and skies will be choked with tar, the ground will swallow its own sand and the people shall bake, and the spigots of their throats run dry. The air will cough with flame and atoms will slice wickedly through brick and flesh. The emperor will weave a web of fingers, and homes will turn to gold and bones to dust. And again the twisted must prophesy a thousand limbs of death, must tear their organs from their chests and faces and smear their poetry on the walls. Do not think yourself fortunate. You will one day fit into my mouth, as the world will fit in yours. And you will drown it in your tears, and it will drown you in its blood, and you will be lovers who tremble in the arms of a night weeping oil and breathing black smoke. And then my eyes will grow anew, and I will join my sisters and brothers in singing of the many crimes of the earth.



the EARTH BELLY HORSE
IS COMING!

wee haw , weehaw!

PREPARE

from the Montana group

DAMAGE

discontinuous escape from memories whole
garbage and nose noise nevertheless only
one way out once wheels on fire and
flowing against the river, you never
forget your first earthquake or
your first handcuffed grill
in the alley drunk and
holding blow.
arrest and develop the privatized body count
across the plumbing askew including
carrots and residential hurricane
baklava, electric squirrel
prescription, taking
off the gloves and
putting on
the dog.
kill them all and account god their collateral.

10.19.07

-Jim Leftwich

Anti-Prophecy

he was less dead than had been reported.

the rain was not of ash but skin
the thunder was the thunder of hooves
his road was paved with teeth

theun a fingernail unpeeled Anti-
theun an Anti- peeled from fingernails
the peel of fingernail Anti-un

the nail

the towns in his path deflated like trepidation bowels

he chewed the Anti- without teeth.

-Olchar E. Lindmann

It has engulfed all the temples of virtuous humor, lust, and violence in the name of double stabbed snakes and triple crowned skeletal horse laundry.

You take an affectation to the hilt; Undo dresses of black pearled latex skins and mark the days on bark shuttered cottages walls. This helps to liquidate its attention, distract the second hand from enameled numbers, become the wild and waistful steering wheels, liberate the scandalous meat platters, and, finally, to soak its inner ventricles in golden rod.

It doesn't notice any of this. Content to dream its future under street lamps on whisps off// fried ideals and powdered nostril puddles, it relentlessly walks in a circle as if to lay down.

You 'thank you very much' and 'I couldn't have done it without you' until 'really, your too kind!'

It will eventually move from under the street lamp to the emergency exit ramp where a large semi has overturned. There you and others are looting the tired almanacs of quotations, ephemera, string, mottos, declairations, smoke, mirrors, beef tips, oars, asteriks, and hand shakes.

You will narrowly dodge its tentacles while two friends of yours drop an anti- in its gears. Meeting later in a forest under the banner of a yellow/ salamander you inhale a suicide note.

Jeoff Knos

Unveil

-Bradley Chriss

Listen up!

Six thousand fold dreams unfold into a drip. This is a simple answer.

Six thousand fold dreams unfold into a drip. This is a simple answer.

I have increased the burden, I have un-creased the burden.

A tell tale sign of the Anti-.

A group of I/Them/Us imibibed a fluid.

Gesticulatory Fluid.

Something popped up.

mmhmm.

Something popped up.

It gave a sign.

I/Them/Us got the message.

I/Them/Us started collecting things:

1.shit

2.blood

3.brains

4.dirt

5.teeth

6.tongues

7.eyes

8.tar

I/Them/Us listened up to the sign of the gesticulation.

We put:

1.shit

2.blood

3.brains

4.dirt

5.teeth

6.tongues

7.eyes

8.tar

together in a pot.

A cauldron.

An Anti-Cauldron.

I/Them/We stirred, stirred and stirred.

Arms were very, very tired.

Backs were very, very tired.

This is the point where it shifted and changed.

Soiled soil and blood tar teeth adrift in the pot.

Simmered and stirred something had to happen.

A broken space, A slip down into.

A birth and resurrection.

A Rotted Earth Belly Horse God came to.

REBHG and Gesticulation rode around.

This is very dangerous to meaning.

Parasitic Poem by Olchar E. Lindsann:

An un-space stirs inside the cauldron.
An Anti-gesture stirs inside the space (un)
Eight lips mouthed the re(un)birth of the Anti-(un).
Sweat.
Sweat leapt.
Sweat leapt and burdened.
Sweat leapt and un-burdened.
Sweat leapt and un-sang a burden.
Sweat un-leapt and sang an Anti-buren.

This happened in the pot.

A mane stewed and spoke.

WATCHTOWER

combs practical whistling garbage
cans all along jehovah's witnesses
to evolving crimes against
humility humanity humiliated
at the stations crosshatched fire,
kill the women and rape the
men said cromwell, medals
flash and surge before
the cameras and the congress, we
clash and urge like mirrors
of the metrics, commodities
shine bending near the
storm. too big to threaten skies in
the skinny banks converted
volume, you can't make this shit up.

10.19.07

-Jim Leftwich

Lazar-House

it is a green lump.

this lump is a coiled rhythm.
it heaves it moans.

a boil on the skin of earth
the crust
cracked. It is a green lump.

Look at the tiny windows and the tiny men inside them
are spitting on their hands while they shout:

Anti- Anti-

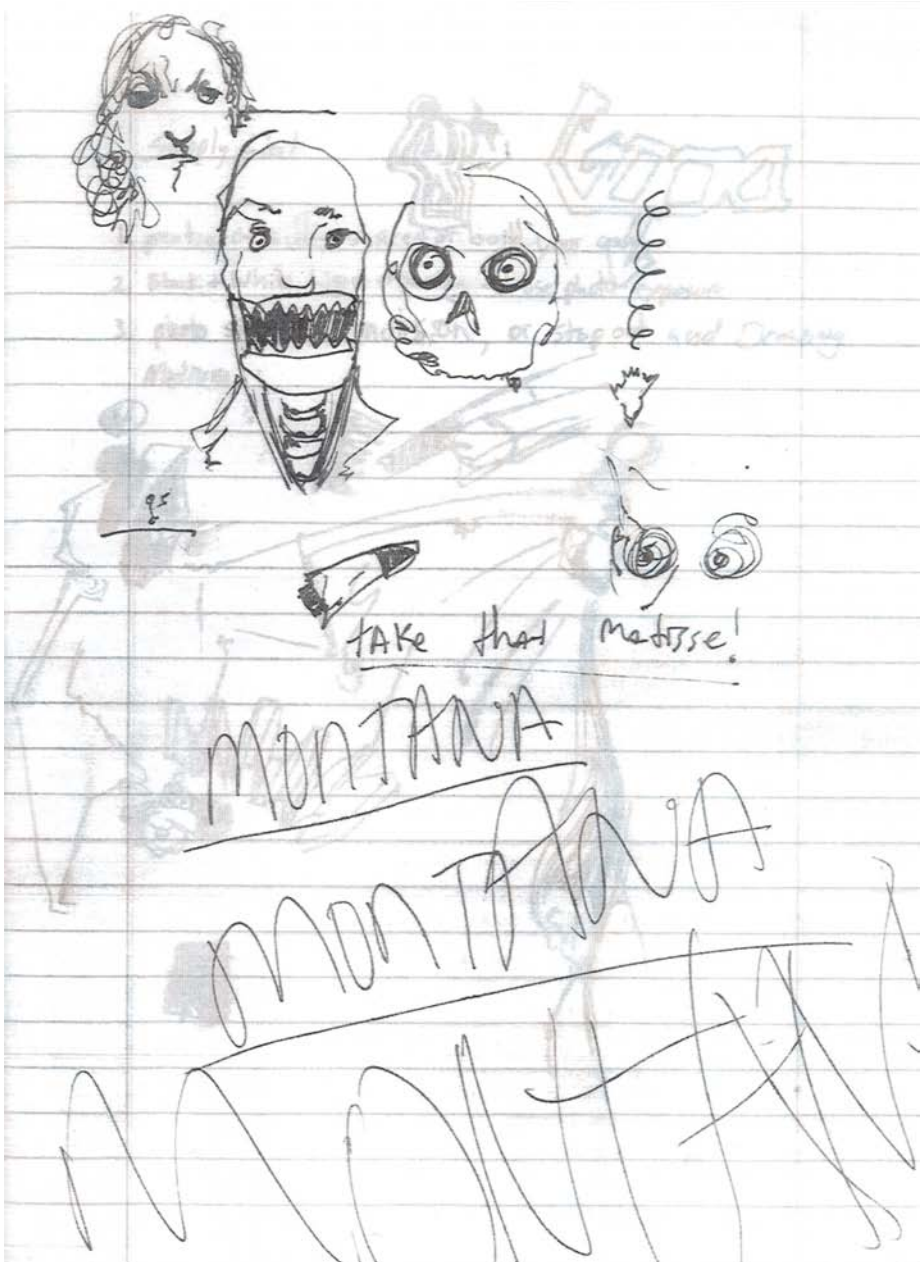
Un- Un-

Our bowels are coiled about our heads like excremental helmets
where have you gone
we have come to help you.

these little men have a horror
of hooves their clatter their flash their slicing motions.

It is a green lump this fear
crouches on the two flanks of their hearts.

-Olchar E. Lindöann



from the Montana group

It says, "To England will I steal and there I'll steal."

You, forgetting yourself for a moment, remember nascent foot-pedal crafts and the formative dexterity of their character sheets.

It reminds you that forgetting yourself is a knife, with which the first officer of the cuckold's candied watch is bled to death.

You strap forgetting yourself to your calve and weigh the ruber options layed befor you.

IN it's arsenal are cast iron arms such as what ever floats your boat, go fuck yourself, I haven't the fogiest, and ramming speed.

You choose ramming speed. The comming battle, a Verdun with a side of Desert Storm and flavored with Troy, is to be fought with these words (and many others)*.

It winds itself and triangulates a path to walk, using its three arms as nuetering instruments of creational entropy. What a terrible foe. Its weakness, though, is the hour hand- which convinces the minute and the second hands that it knows the weapons you use and defeated others who bore them befor.

You will meet others armed thus. A valley of sclerosed ideology crumbles like jellied lightning rods and the ground will break open, all the yellow salamanders in the world leap out and devour you.

Jeoff Knos

from **The Epic of Gracklefaffin**

-Aaron Andrews & Olchar Lindsann

II

the sacrifice has been tied in the entrance to the children's cave
their duelling moans & curses in dead tongues keep most pilgrims' vigils at
bay, save one.

a small brown girl wrapped in white slinks into the crevice
in her wake the grubs and spiders arch and writhe and die
there is a smile on her face like the glint on a knife's blade

...lilac car lime horn chinese salon cha-ching flesh crossbow eating main
bacteria line dentist snicker grilled doodle meat gob green bender...

she slows, reaches for the cave wall and waits for more
of the garbled cries to froth from the lips of the terrified children
a shadow is creeping over the forest like an army of ants
torches light the vigilant chorus & mouth of the cave
they sing blessings & howl curses with every echo
and the stalactite-teeth of the salivating cave are trembling for the tasty
morsel covering on its tongue
and the little girl is waiting, a white speck on the corner of its jowl swells,
drips & pops
echoes lull the gathered forcing hot wax from their ears
narrow trails of singed flesh peeling
and the hiss and steam as it hits the froth streaming from their lips
entombed young priestess rolling crawling twisting in green & purple
fumes
four hands & feet, light in strobe, pull & navigate her glowing form
toward the fetid wind like the breath of a rotting squid
that leaves the foliage in convulsions gasping audibly for air

...plain ball knock pam mask boy city is a strawberry wonder s.s. old pick
skool super jax twain fright home night movies show olive is a strawberry
ice oxygen out turn TK beak eyes bust wings arms and arms claws tongue
is a strawberry
there is a strawberry floating through the sugary mire like a rose
if she watches it carefully, she can remember that she exists.

salty skin moist alive ripe fear snapping tender hard

salty skin moist alive ripe fear snapping tender hard

salty skin most active rip tear snapping rending shard

moulting skin melt acid rip tear cracking blending charred

juicy bubble squeezing spanking reeling which way loose

juicy bubble squeezing spanking reeling which way loose

loosely bubble shrieking flaking peeling flayed-skin-juice

loosely gargle seeping baking peeling splayed-shin juice

hot taught tart lips grime creme teeth X marks okay

hot taught tart lips grime creme teeth X marks okay

and the shadows turn their faces away away okay

the girl in white is smiling.

her brilliant brown skin ripe, wet; her nails left in the hides of the two youths.

blue to black to red to green to orange to white she shines

her face is like the moon with small trails of blood clinging to its lips

her teeth glisten in the light shed by her skin

bioluminescence skips off the hanging bodies & cave walls

wiping some goo from her lips she stumbles to the mouth

she is like an albino strawberry tottering between its jaws

the stalactites stretch their syrupy drips toward her radiating shoulders

she stops & licks them up & down drinking their calcium-rich milk

breaks some off & wraps them in her thick white robe

they continue to lactate seeping through the fabric like so many wounds

and now she is stroking the remaining tufts of hair on the two boys'
remains

with a tilt of the neck & snap of the jaw she bites out both their tongues

they twist & writhe, push at her cheeks slowly joining their central analog

the ants lining the walls are excited there is a faint incessant hum

their skin is crinkling like paper an instant before it burns.

Beware: Modernists still live. We are going to devour them. Every inch of tissue shall be chewed, then swallowed. The modernist flesh shall stew in our belly, here the homonoculus shall be born. He-She will ride the rotted earth belly horse god. As horse-god tramples on all heads, He-She will speak out of His-Her head, then all will be known (lost).

The (homonoculus) crawls forth from our bellies. He-She speaks lies (truth). This is the anti.

Day and night we have forged fireknife. The He-She shall place this knife in the eyes and hearts of all people. Only then the anti will appear (disappear).

We have visited the tongues of all people, if is here we have tried to wrestle the words away and bring forth the anti. We now know that the tongue is tool of heart and eyes. We have set to our last supper. All modernists will be devoured. Prepare for the rotted life horse God.

from the Montana group

From Hymn to the God with a Thousand Tongues

-Olchar E. Lindjann

Lo our gutted throat-caverns crumble with hoary age,
Our slothy tongues slumber under sunken palates
Our gum-channels groan with teeth entangled,
Lilting legions lie in pitted tombs of epiglottis

Lo our lips loom anciently by winters riven,
Larynxes wind-ripped are sullen and outworn in silence
Fearful wraiths revolve around our limping lungs,
Footfalls haunt our throats our lonely vacant thought-thrones

Let us leave this throttled earth of whisper-wheezes,
Thread our sounds to thrill our wind-starved limbs
Call forth figures cradled ages in our brain-canyons,
From rage-voiced catacombs of fierce breath-volleys

Let our groans reach out to Coptic gods of our imaginings,
Corroding in the sod of rotted nests of earth-nerves
To lift to voice undrained by Sense the serum-drinker,
Unlocked and limber through the savage dreams of Los

O God of Writhing Tongues who purges words from tooth-walls,
Who tips with poisoned recipes our pens
Let us mouth you into wind-forms with wild keening will,
And sow with words and sounds the skulls of women and of men

Protect us from the pinions of the terrible Word-Slayer,
The Dead Trope pestilential worming through sense-locked earth
Polluter of Languages, the dread Thought-mangler,
Nailing our saying to the solitary theft of utterance

O Great Spleen-Chieftian savage with your shrieking marrow-darts,
Chase with your reptilian whip the snapping crowds of Reason
Crush them frothing from your feral centipedal mount,
Its million legs of callipers that streak across the mouldered wasteland

O Paper man your brain-sponge scraped across the cavern wall,
Cry out in wretched wrath against the holy
Pour on them the blood of your writhing vessel-fibres,
Froth madly blood from your vein-pinioned place of retribution

O gelatinous Squid-Shaman speaker of the dreadful whispers,
Drag you from the deep caves to glisten coldly upon the skull-rocks
Thrash your terrible limbs clustered thick with blinking eyes,
Your arms that multiply beyond all logic-locked thought-crossings

O come to us lamenting Poison-Child, Unleash your tears of honey
to drown in fingertips the vile ghouls of analyct
Your screechings slay with crystal slices,
You doom the crowd to die the death you deal to your body

O speak to us of natal passings O Priestess with Eyes,
Toss like dice your corneas oracular and shivering
Your grinding skull sifts off the stuff of ravenous madness,
Spreading grim insanities to raise men from their skin-graves

O great and rotted earth-belly horse-tooth god,
Come spraying from your hooves the death where words may find
their roots
Pound heads of placid women and proud men into the earth,
That all may be reversed and worms sing lightly in the sky

O outcast Eater of Ink wandering homeless through treacherous pages,
Let us hear again the thrashing whistle of your sixteen tongues
Generations feasted on the bile of your spleen,
Now come to pull apart the prisons founded on your vomit-grounds

O return to us great and terrible Bleeder of Light,
You whose flesh-shell crackles with its hoarde of heat and radiance
Terrify with dazzling open veins the brains of those who mutter,
And fill them brilliantly with awe-driven madness

O Anti-god of re-imaginings O God of Writhing Tongues,
Lick back to life the languages of Poetry and blood
Relight the flame of veins and the divine lies of senseless Words,
Let Words re-work the ventricles that vanish in the flesh of night...

EIGHT

wanted to leave infections stink
themselves relics at risk and rust
and ruins on the floor, too late
now, cute motherfucking sweet
heart, murder beneath the mix.

free your mind and your ass will
follow talking about nuclear war
talking out your free ass about
nuclear war nuclear war nuclear

family cracking the necessary
secret drills whole luminous
immersed children in a circle.

10.18.07

-Jim Leftwich

It has pulled you into itself numerous times
and rocked you to sleep holding rattles at
your ears and waxed fruit to your nose.

You have suffered the slumber and come to.
Ghost cameras stand sentinal over the temporary
grave yard of doubts and devices. From now
on you will never fall asleep again.

It will, within the next five years, try to
escape through a tunnel. You must not, however
reveal that you know about the tunnel, the
art-historical rootsystem it reveales (the sap
is poisonous), or the copper cheek plates
and shin guards dulled into currency that it
has used to dig this tunnel.

You will find a place for the ghosts.

It outflanks your most empathetic advances
to scramble back into its tunnel and to live
there for another decade, to live in a constant
state of escape.

You see pens in the window, razors under goards
that fell from the state tree, gray corners
in the tongue clinic. It isn't all good but
better than it was before and a few companions
have stuck with you, they smell like candles.

It, you come to realize, in your autumn years,
is still trimming its fingernails and licking
its lips. After all they work you and yours
have done. It has at least surrendered its
titanium doors and talking desk trophies for
fresh air, but it has not, as you had realized
long ago, discovered the place-lung, the group-
thread, the soup-chatter, or the yellow salamander.

Jeoff Knos

every where I turn I see and I
cannot understand what he/she is saying
to me. Always chewing digging piling
through earth. I think that it is
full of shit, he/she guides and provides
reason for me but it makes no sense.

The soft hoof is ~~clap~~ clapping endlessly
around my head. Nonsense.

I Am going to sell all my stuff.

I am going to the woods to hear the
he-she as s(hie) rides.

I am going, going to
~~you motherfucker~~ you motherfucker!

from the Montana group

Anti-Prophecy

the leper is a shambling labour
 at the touch of his tongue the trees peel their bark in sheaves
 at the touch of his cringing hair the rain spears itself in ink
 at his glance
 men wither or drown in laughter
the leper crawls over the earth its skin
mud cracked in the sun the little writhings
of its flesh kissing the skin away
 from the rot
the Anti- crawls over the earth its un-
skin and the little tithes of the marble men in their valleys of flowers
 lose their dead skins in sheaves
they weep over these skins and
 weep over these skins and
 weep over these skins

-Olehar E. Lindmann

split tongues:
The still Birth of the Anti
An unprophecy
pna prb
barr!

I.

Hear this: initially Anti enfolded thoughts:

- 1.a slip sliding inversion.
- 2.stomach acid.
- 3.tooth blanket texture.
- 4.a fire, a word crawls.
- 5.tar gums dripping, revealing.
- 6.a green noise.

II.

Listen up: initially un anti. A hero wrapped wrenching.

1. a scalpel
2. his-her eyelids
3. a decisive action

initially un anti. a hero unwrapped wrenching anti.

1. a scalpel
2. his-her eyelids
3. a decisive action

initially un anti. a hero un unantiwrapped unwrenching anti.

1. a scalpel
2. his-her eyelids
3. a decisive action

III.

See this:

A barrel of wild tulips
creeps, slither slathers
up into the anti unti

A hero-un filled with tulips.
A hero-un rests on a tooth blanket.
There were many visions.
There were many un-visions.

A hero-un reaches down
his-her gullet
and brings forth the Anti.

The sun and moon collide, joining.
A hero-un witnesses many voices.
A pillar pit.

IV.

Hear a saying:

A tongue let loose the anti.

moonpillarsunpit says:

inunantitheunanti:

itna nueht

itna nueht

itna nueht

itna nueht

srallip nueht

eht

eht

eht

itna srallip nueht
nussrallip eht nueht
itna
itna
itna nueht
nueht
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nueht

V.

Behold arrival:

A slipping tulip bears out
the Anti.

The HeShe shimmers forth.
The HeShe is very small.

An anti digs down.

Scraping the roof
bearing insolence as gifts
and teeth as song.

Unfear, refear
AUnHeShe is uncovering
lists of tongues.

A parade, a dance.
HeShe has sung to many
many teeth.

UNBURDEN
UNANTIBURDEN
BEHOLD!

A parade for song teeth.
Song teeth impregnating.
HeShe sings teeth and grows!

A waxy film suffers.
Yet many rejoice.

VI.

Bear this away:

HeShe has grown into it.
It is where you least expect it.
Without warning the Anti
could burst out.

HeShe is a homunculus

Bear this away, and out and into it.

Swaddle the HeShe in un.

The Anti drips and infects.

Nurture decay.
Encourage digestion.

HeShe has grown into it.
HeShe is a homunculus.
Bear this away and out and into it.

VII.

Stillborn Breath.
The Anti stirs.
Mongrels, Modernists stir.
Billowing blood pulp sacks
rearrange a tremendous amount
of teeth, tongues and eyes.

Everything is subject to the Anti.

Bring this forth and out and in.

Nurture decay.
Encourage digestion.

The unswaddled Anti glows upon
and dims all things.

Reversible Clarity.

Bring this forth and out and in.

Nurture decay.
Encourage digestion.

VIII.

Engorged burdened dicks
rip through and into:
skies, minds and teeth.

Sundered and sinking the Anti grows.
A revelation, A disguise.
Meaning appears and shifts with the Anti.

Bring this forth and out and in.

Rattling bones digest.
Rattling bones decay.

Peel away the skin of the Anti.

Revealing the HeShe.

The Hermaphroditic Homunculus.

Rejoice in the Anti.

Rejoice around the Anti.

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by Bradley Chriss